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in the arts; on having evolved some new principle of liberty; on making an elementary spelling book, or a new geography, or arithmetic; on devising some plan to alleviate the miseries of the prisoner, and set at liberty those who are bound, is to grow brighter and brighter by increasing years, till the full splendor of these collected lights shall constitute the glory of the earth's Millennium. The man that invented the Greek fire, or that taught to temper better the Damascus blade, or that found out a more destructive spear, or that first concentrated poison in which to dip his arrow of death, or that discovered gunpowder, or that invented the rifle or the Paixhan gun, it will be well for him, that his name shall be forgotten in the advancing light of the world, or he will be remembered only with that immortal band of apostate angels, described by the great poet, to whom the most terrific portion of this invention is traced:

"On war and mutual slaughter bent.
— In a moment up they turned
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
The originals of nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art,
Concocted and adjusted, they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store conveyed;
— those deep-throated engines,
Disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes."

PAR. LOST, B. vi.

Who has ever told the evils, and the curses and the crimes of war? Who can describe the horrors of the carnage of battle? Who can portray the fiendish passions which reign there? Who can tell the amount of the treasures wasted, and of the blood that has flowed, and of the tears that have been shed over the slain? Who can register the crimes which war has originated and sustained? If there is any thing in which earth, more than in any other, resembles *hell*, it is in its *wars*. And who, with the heart of a man, a lover of human happiness, a hater of carnage and crime, can look but with pity, who can repress his *contempt* in looking on all the trappings of war, the tinsel, the nodding plumes, even the animating music, designed to cover over the reality of the contemplated murder of fathers, and husbands, and sons?

Yet *we*, a Christian people, brothers of Christian nations, associates with Christian people abroad in purposes of philanthropy, talk coolly of going again to war, and are ready to send forth our sons to fight, and kill, and die, on the slightest pretext of quarrel with a Christian nation, a nation with whom are all our fathers' sepulchres. We talk of it as a matter of cool arithmetic; as affecting the price of flour, and pork, and cotton; as a question of close calculation between the North and the South; as likely to affect stocks and securities, but hardly dare to lisp a word of the enormous *wrong* in the face of Heaven in arming ourselves to imbrue our hands in the blood of brothers. This day, amidst our thanksgivings, our prayers should go up to Heaven for peace—universal peace—that *we* may do right, that *others* may do right, and that the blood of carnage may never again stain our soil, or be shed on the deck of a man-of-war. There have been wars enough in this land. If it were desirable to show that, as a nation, *we have* prowess, and *can* fight well, it has been done. That is enough for *our* military glory. We are called into being as a nation for higher and nobler ends; and it is our vocation to show to the world the blessings and the principles of peace. When the world's history shall all be written, let not the first pages of our own story be blackened like those of Assyria and of Rome. Let there be so much light, and so

much true glory evolved from the arts of peace, that the few dark spots which war has already made, may be covered over with the living splendor that shall have accumulated in a long career of true glory.— *Eulogy on William Penn.*

AFTER-CLAPS OF WAR. — War always leaves sad mementoes behind it. Its actual dead, nearly a million in all, of our late rebellion, are buried out of sight; but its living victims, its diseased and crippled pensioners, meet us at almost every turn. We read that in the State of Maine last year the number of applications for State pensions was 1261, most of them allowed. How many more pensioners on the national government, we are not told.

HOW OUR GOVERNMENT IS SWINDLED.

Congress has occasionally made investigations which show how little conscience there is in many, if not most of the men who have dealings with our government. Mr. Ela lately made to the House of Representatives a report which reveals some curious and startling facts on this subject:—

Forty-six caveat books have been charged and paid for since February, 1868, at \$40 and \$41 each, while not one of them can be found in the office. Five hundred and eighteen thousand printed blanks were charged and paid for, when less than 300,000 could be accounted for by the requirements of the office. Of file wrappers, 80,000 were charged and paid for at a cost of \$57 per thousand, and after making liberal estimates for those used and in hand, 18,000 cannot be accounted for. Of Manilla and large brown envelopes, 9 by 12, 145,000 were charged and paid for, while the quantity on hand and used could not exceed 40,000, leaving unaccounted for 105,000. Of cards for modes 150,000 were charged and paid for at \$40 per thousand, while but 40,000 can be accounted for as used and on hand, leaving 110,000 unaccounted for. The above articles could be of no use anywhere but in the legitimate business of the Patent Office, as sworn to by all parties. Vast quantities of other articles cannot be accounted for in the office. Of eyelets, 1820 boxes were paid for, but only 360 boxes would be required for the business of the office. Four and a half dozen press copy books bought and paid for, but none could be found; 890 sheets French tracing paper bought—seldom if ever used—and but 12 sheets on hand; 121 reams yellow envelope paper bought, but not over 10 1-2 reams can be accounted for; 1,000,000 envelopes paid for, while the uses of the offices would amount to about 150,000.

The prices charged were as extravagant as the quantities. We give a few cases:—Books worth \$9, are charged at \$45; cash books worth \$5, charged at \$25; cards worth about \$3 per thousand, are charged at \$40; printing envelopes worth about \$2.50 per thousand, are charged at \$20 and \$40; ruling worth about \$2.50 per thousand sheets, is charged at \$50; printing 500,000 blanks, worth perhaps \$2, per thousand, charged at \$16.50 and \$17. A firm in Washington has been paid in advance \$28,080 for 351,000 sheets of bond paper.

PRIZE ESSAY ON WAR AS A CRIME. — The Paris Peace League offer a premium of 5,000 francs for the best essay on the *Crimes of War*. Judges of award, Laboulaye, Jules Simon and Fred. Passy.